My water's on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King We are amazde, and thus long haue we stoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if wee be, howe dare thy joynts forget
To pay their awefull duety to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship,
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But

But ere the crowne he l
Ten thousand bloudy cr
Shall ill become the flo
Change the complexio
To scarlet indignation a
Her pastors grasse with
North. The King of
Should so with ciuill and
be rusht vpon. Thy thri
Harry Bullingbrooke d
And by the honorable t
That stands vpon your r
And by the roialties of
Currents that spring fro
And by the buried hand
And by the worth and h
Comprising all that may
His comming hither ha
Then for his lineall roia
Infranchisement immed
Which on thy roiall pa
His glittering armes he
His barbed steeds to stab
To faithfull seruice of yo
This sweares he, as he is
And as I am a gentlema
King Northumberlan
His noble Cosen is righ
And all the number of
Shall be accomplisht wi
With all the gratious vt
Speake to his gentle hea
King We do debase o
To looke so poorely, an
Shall we call backe Nort
Defiance to the traitor a
Aum. No good my L

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22307) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Hut